

VOICES OF FAITH  
AND LOVE





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VOICES OF FAITH AND LOVE









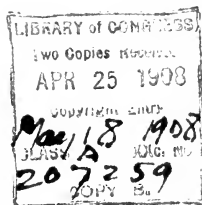
VOICES  
OF  
FAITH AND LOVE

BY

STEPHEN GOODYEAR BARNES

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## PREFACE

These poems have nearly all appeared in print before. They were originally published in the hope that what had brought aid and comfort to my hours of need would be a help to others also; that visions of perfected faith and love (far beyond present attainment), which had inspired me to labor for better things, might bring the same aspiration to others. I am fully aware that these pages have little for those who seek "art for art's sake;" but there are others who seek life for life's sake, and from not a few of these have come words of such heartening appreciation that my pen has ventured to continue the work. When the friendly request came from the publisher that I should furnish him the material for a little book of verse, I was therefore ready to comply, hoping that this further utterance of spiritual experience might still further widen spiritual fellowship.

A book of verse is seldom given more than a rapid and cursory reading, and one who merely glances over these pages will, I hope, get something. But their themes have been worked out slowly, in actual living, and their truths will best be appreciated by those who use them in the same practical way. If a little is read at a time, and that little is pondered and tested—if, in other words, the work is treated like the books of daily devotional readings which are so abundant in our time, the one who is seeking help will be most likely to find it.

A word may be said about the arrangement. First come poems in blank verse, that vehicle of expression that has almost the freedom of prose, and nearly all the possibilities of poetry. The "voices of faith" have precedence, for faith is the beginning of all good things; then love has a place, especially the love that searches the problem of death. After these comes a group of sonnets, on various themes, and then a collection of songs and hymns and prayers, in varied metres and in many tones and moods, but all of them intended to be true to the faith that is learning to love all things, or to the love that is learning to believe all things.

At the end of the volume will be found some pages of notes, where are presented certain explanatory statements, intended to give information or to disarm criticism. It is hoped that the "gentle reader" will not pass these by. To these are added some Scripture references, which give authority or furnish parallels. These could easily have been increased; but in each case the verse has special interest for me, and I hope will be of interest to those who love to turn to their Bibles.

In closing this foreword, I make grateful acknowledgement of the courtesy of the Independent, the Sunday School Times, the Advance, and the Mayflower, who have given permission to reprint copyright poems.

S. G. B.

May 1, 1908.

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TO MY WIFE

O! dear in the years of youth and love,  
And dearer as years of love go by;  
O! near in the halcyon days—gone by,  
And nearer now than in days of youth;

Accept these pages, thine in truth,  
For the faith that believed in the goal and the way,  
For the love that helped and shared alway,  
That made thee my nearest and dearest, in truth.

## “THE LIVING GOD”

The tender glory of the sunset sky,  
The lightning flash that fills the heaven with wrath,  
The dewy diamond trembling in the rose,  
The world-wide sweep of ocean's tidal wave,  
The lordly star that blazes in the void,  
The towering bulk of mighty mountain peak:  
    In thee, O living God, all these do live.

The eye that freely views and measures all,  
The ear responsive to each subtle chord,  
The hand that moulds the clay and holds the helm,  
The heart that welcomes beauty as its own,  
The lips that call, and woo, and win their way,  
The feet that joyous run to meet the hour:  
    From thee, O living God, these have their life.

The tear of sorrow for the thought of sin,  
The hunger for the broken bread of life,  
The simple faith that puts its hand in thine,  
The strength that presses forward at thy side,  
The love that answers every word of love,  
The peace that finds each sacred thing of earth:  
    These are thy life in me, O living God.



## THE SONG OF THE CREATURES

(PARAPHRASING FRANCIS OF ASSISI)

O Lord most high, all powerful, all good!  
All glory is thine, all honor and all praise;  
And hallelujahs all  
To thee alone belong,  
No man is worthy thy great name to speak.

O God, my Lord! to thee I bring my praise  
For all the various creatures of thy might.  
First for our brother great, the lordly Sun;  
Illumining the world he gives to us the day;  
Most beautiful and radiant he, in splendor grand;  
His glory thee reveals, O glorious Lord!

The Lord be praised again for Sister Moon,  
And for the stars of heaven, so clear and fair.

Our constant praise be given for Brother Wind,  
For sky and clouds, for all thy weathers, Lord,  
Sustaining in due course thy world of life.

For Sister Water, Lord, all praise be thine,  
So useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

For Brother Fire let God's name be praised;  
From him our darkness has thy saving light;  
Jocund and beauteous he, most strong and brave.

Our Mother Earth doth praise thee, O my Lord;  
Sustained and governed by thee, all herbs she gives,  
And fruits diverse, and flowers gay and sweet.

---

Thy name, great God! is greatly praised by those  
Who through thy love wrong-doing can forgive,  
Who weakness patient bear, and trouble sore.  
Blessed are they who suffer in peace divine;  
For them the Highest keeps a heavenly crown.

For Sister Death, who claims all mortal flesh,  
Our souls immortal meekly offer praise,  
Woe unto him who dies to die again!  
But blessed he who does thy holy will,—  
On him the second death can work no harm.

Praise ye my Lord! give thanks and bless his name!  
Serve ye my God with great and humble souls!

## THE BEGINNING OF AN APOSTOLIC CREED

I believe in God the Father of all souls,  
I believe in the mighty Maker of heaven and earth:

In this human nature he has granted me,  
With its wondrous power to live in earth and heaven;  
In the rich and varied boons of life and love,  
Given each day so richly for my joy;  
In work for God and man, sustained and hard,  
That strength may grow, with love and patience true;  
In needful trial, searching discipline,  
That sorrow's vision and virtue may be mine;  
In help divine, sufficient, full and free,  
Adapted to the need of every hour;  
In all the heavenly plan, most wise and fine,  
Wrought out with love unchanging, perfect, dear;  
In that far goal to which my Lord and I  
Push on each day—and all the way thereto.

I believe that "one is good," the God whose name is  
Love;  
That back of universal force is Fatherhood;  
That heaven and earth are one in law and life and  
end:  
That heaven's rule on earth is crescent, real and sure;  
That to that kingdom all the good and true belong;  
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth and  
heaven."

## THE FATHER SPEAKS\*

My Son, when thou dost wish and seek some boon,  
Seek it from me; bring thus thy filial prayer:

“Lord if it be thy will, let it be so.

If this shall work me good, and serve thy use,  
Bestow it for thy kingdom and my worth.

If with it I thy name can glorify,

Naught else I seek; so be it, in thy name.

But if desire has wandered from thy path,

If vain or harmful this thing now would be,

Then take the longing from my willing soul.”

Whate’er the needs or yearnings of thy mind,

See that all rest in lowly fear of God.

Trust me in all without reserve, and say:

“O Lord, thou knowest the perfect way for me;

Into thine hands my spirit I commit,

Ready for every thing that comes from thee.

Give what thou wilt, how much thou wilt, and when;

My place be here or there, as thou shalt choose.

Deal freely with thy servant, for I long

To live for thee, with thee, in boundless faith.”

\*Imitation of Christ, Book III, ch. 15, freely rendered.

## THE PRIEST-KING AND HIS HOST

(BASED ON PSALM 110.)

Thus saith the Lord Jehovah to my Lord :  
Sit thou by me as Zion's promised king.  
I give to thee the might of my right hand ;  
Thy scepter shall be strong, for mine it is.  
A warrior thou, soldiers thy people are ;  
To battle they shall freely follow thee,  
Countless as dew-drops shown by morning light.

This is Jehovah's oath, which cannot change :  
A holy priest thou art forevermore,  
To bring to me the prayers and gifts of men.  
A realm of priests annointed thine shall be ;  
In sacred robes thine armies all shall march,  
A youthful host prepared for holy war,  
As fair and pure as dew-drops seen at dawn.

Abide thou in my strength ; stretch forth thy rod.  
The mustering day has come ; call forth thy ranks.  
Against thee gather kings ; in righteous wrath  
Strike down their hateful power, rule in their midst.  
Along thy martial way a brook shall flow ;  
Refresh thy thirst, and ever lift thy head.  
The end is sure ; beneath thy royal feet  
Thy foes shall bend ; the kingdoms all are thine.

## MOUNT HERMON

Here, at the northern bound of Palestine,  
A princely builder set his lordly seat,  
Adorned with temples, villas, palaces,  
And to the city gave his royal name  
Of Philip, putting first the name supreme  
Of Cæsar, greatest then in all the world.  
How soon the king doth die, the city fall!  
How hath the name of Cæsar lost its might!  
Unknown by such as these there hither came  
The King of kings, a builder without hands,  
And said: I build my church, and e'en the gates  
Of Death against it never shall prevail;  
I give to it my name; nor Earth nor Hell  
Can ruin bring, nor stop the growing walls  
That ever rise to Heaven and Heaven's God.

From Hermon's rocky side, 'mid noble trees,  
A full-born river bursts, foam-crested, broad,  
A worthy place for prayer and praise; and here  
The great god Pan his temples had, and still  
His name doth cling, but worship long hath ceased,  
For "Pan is dead," once called Immortal God;  
"Great Pan is dead," his temples are but dust.—  
There hither came a man who spoke of death  
As one who saw beyond, who knew the cross  
Must needs be borne, if he would win the crown,

And save his trembling band, and save the world.  
E'en as he said, he died, and with him died  
Their half-grown faith. But, conquering death, he  
    rose,  
And raised to deathless life their trust and hope,  
And built his church, and builds it evermore.

O Hermon, monarch of the Holy Land,  
Lifting on high thy glittering crest of white,  
Once on thy side there stood a wondrous man  
In raiment dazzling with celestial light,  
His very garments for one splendid hour  
Permitted to reveal his glorious soul.  
Where was thy greatness then, O towering peak,  
Before the greatness of this King divine?  
O ample Earth, proud of thy vast extent,  
O little one among the starry hosts,  
Why comes this shining visitant to thee?  
O world perverse, wandering afar from God,  
How small and poor thou art! How passing strange  
That God in highest heaven should love thee so,  
And give his well-beloved Son for thee!

## A HYMN OF PRAISE AND PRAYER

(Based on the "Te Deum")

To thee, O God, we bring triumphant praise,  
And lowly homage to our Sovereign Lord;  
Below, above, thy creatures worship thee,  
Whose timeless glory fills thine every world.  
To thee all cherubim and seraphim,  
The angels strong, yea, all the heavenly powers  
In blessed adoration ever cry:  
O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts,  
The Father, infinite in majesty,  
Thy true and only Son, the well-beloved,  
Thy Holy Spirit, source of love and life,  
All wisdom and might and honor be thine, O God.

O Lord and Christ, eternal Son of God,  
Thy glorious band of apostles bring thee praise,  
With all thy prophets, a goodly fellowship,  
And all thy white-robed host of martyrs brave.  
With them thy church on earth now worships thee,  
The King of glory, putting glory by,  
Taking upon thee to deliver man,  
And as a man all humbly to be born.  
And when by death thou didst abolish death,  
To all believers heaven was opened wide,  
Where now supreme thou sittest at God's right  
hand,  
Strong Son of Man, and Judge of all the earth.



We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, Lord,  
Whom with thy precious blood thou hast redeemed.  
Make them thy holy ones on earth below,  
And gather them with all thy saints above.  
O save thy people, bless thine heritage,  
Rule over them, and ever lift them up.  
Vouchsafe this day to keep us without sin,  
And grant us mercy, as we trust in thee.  
O never let our trust be put to shame,  
For all our hope is in the Faithful God.  
So day by day thy name we magnify,  
And worship thee, our Lord, world without end.

## THE DISCIPLE WELCOMES DISCIPLINE

Not guests for thine indulgent courtesy,  
But pupils we, O Master, set to learn  
Lessons full often hard, but always good ;  
Worthy of God and man, proved worthy here,  
Proved glorious in the eternal day to come.

Help us to learn of thee, always to learn ;  
Each day to be disciples pure and true,  
Eager for larger wisdom, clearer sight ;  
Counting all things but loss, in thee to win  
Knowledge surpassing and including all.

## THE DISCIPLE SEEKS RENUNCIATION

I ask nothing for myself,  
But thy will, thy love, thyself!

O Lord! my will seems good to me; but still  
I cannot plan a life so rich and full  
As that which thou dost plan and seek for me.  
Thy will be done.

My father, human love is very dear;  
The heart cries out in hunger for it all.  
But thou art Love; I know thy love is best.  
And thou dost give thy love through every friend  
Whose love is pure and high. And so I pray,  
Thy love be mine!

O God of life, thy gifts are wonderful;  
The beauteous world is set within the heart,  
With joy and hope and ever keen desire.  
But naught can satisfy the soul save thee;  
And, if thou givest thyself, it matters not  
Through what the gift may come. Make smallest  
things

My guides and helps to love for thee and thine,  
That works contented by thy side; to peace  
That nothing has, and yet possesses all;  
To faith in Him who never sought his own,

But all renounced, making his life a gift,—  
And whatsoe'er I lack, I shall abound.  
Give me thyself!

Nothing ask I for myself!  
Nay, in asking for thyself,  
All I seek, thy wondrous all;  
What I yield is strangely small.  
Yet I thus make room for thee;  
Fill me, Lord, and make me free!

## THE EMPEROR MOTH

Hidden in its cocoon, long had slumbered the creature  
Meant for wings and the sunlight, for nature's freedom and glory.

Now comes the stir of awakening, now at the narrow opening

Strains and presses the life that fain would escape from its prison.

Large is the body and swollen, small are the wings and feeble;

Often and hard must he strain, that forth from the body its juices

Out may be forced to the wings, to make them strong and comely,

Noble in colors and markings, matchless in regal beauty.

Over and over the creature pushed and toiled and struggled;

Only so far could he come, never a tittle farther.

Hours and hours passed by, with nothing but strenuous failure;

Pitiful I of this toiler, sad with his labor so fruitless.

Surely in error was Nature, or hard and cruel her edict.

Surely such valiant endeavor, set to a task quite beyond it,

Helper should find in my pity, eager to give him his  
freedom.  
Only a moment it took, the band of the opening was  
severed;  
Easily crawled out my moth, freed by one kinder  
than Nature.  
My moth it was, and not Nature's; bloated, helpless,  
abortive.  
Not for those wings small and shrivelled the freedom  
and glory of flying;  
Not for that misshapen bulk the rank of imperial  
beauty.  
Weak in my heedless impatience, weak in my  
arrogant pity,  
Spoiled I the creature I pitied, played I its god to its  
ruin.

Parable clear for my soul, this story of stringent  
endeavor,  
Struggle that seemed to me endless and fruitless,  
unworthy of Nature.  
Over and over we strain, in conflict with all that  
confines us;  
Eager are we for freedom, for life in all its fulness;  
Hard are our thoughts rebellious, sick is our heart  
with postponement;

Nerveless we look at ourselves, weakly we pity our  
neighbor.

Nature is wiser than we, life is never mistaken;  
Hard are its ways, but of God, and loving his rigor  
of purpose.

Strong would he make us and free, empowered for  
heaven's full glory;

Weak are we now and misshapen, foolish, untutored,  
unready.

Needful is every trial, adapted to us is each lesson;  
Only in patience boundless can man win a soul that is  
boundless,

Only by patience perfect can the sons of God gain  
their perfection.

Never a pang need be wasted, never in vain is true  
labor.

Make thy wings strong, O my soul! have faith in thy  
coming freedom;

Wait for the end of the Lord, for his goodness and  
tender mercy

Follow us through all our lives, and in the house of  
Jehovah,

Royal in beauty and birthright, our souls shall dwell  
forever.

## THE LAKE AND THE STAR

A moonless night, and dim with finest mist.  
The surface of the quiet lake reflects  
No radiance from the ineffectual stars—  
Itself all tenantless, its world obscure.

But far in the East there shines the Star of Love,  
Glorious, triumphant, rising in the sky;  
For this the bosom of the lake doth wait,  
To lose its void, in beauty made complete.

Amid a dim and unregarded world  
Thus waits in quietness the maiden soul,  
Till One shall come, in radiance supreme,  
To find therein returned his light, his love.

Thus waits my soul for thee, O Coming One!  
I know thee, that thou art, and where thou art,  
And that thou drawest near. In faith I wait  
To lose my void, and be complete in thee.



## THE VASE OF "THE NAME"

Lend to a legend of the olden time  
Thy spirit's ear, and think of magic days  
When genii of the hight and depth obeyed  
The word of power, and the man who knew.

In such a time a wondrous vase there was,  
Of costly alabaster, pure and fine;  
Its grace of shape so perfect and so rare,  
That every day revealed a deeper charm.

Across its surface mystic lines were traced  
That seemed to give, but ever failed to give,  
The meaning sought for by the longing heart,  
That still sought on, charmed, and unsatisfied.

There was an open secret; put within  
The vase a burning lamp, and lo! there sprung  
To clearest view, in letters royal-red,  
Engraven on the inner side, "The Name."

Look now upon the vase; its beauty rare  
Is strangely hightened by the inner light,  
And all its partial meaning seems fulfilled  
In good that is, in better still to be.

Once learn to speak "The Name" in tones of truth,  
The lamp's small flame becomes a sovereign blaze;  
Transfigured at the word, the vase doth glow  
With beauties, powers, glories ever new.

And he who loves, and speaks "The Name" in love,  
Can go his way a master of this world,  
Put forth his word and fully do his deed,  
Served gladly by all things in earth and sky.

Alas, that truth and love so lacking were;  
That men cared not to place the light within;  
Could even see "The Name" and turn away  
To other words, with powers low and mean.

---

This world is beautiful: the rosy dawn,  
The tender evening light give daily proof;  
The midnight stars, the sun outshining all—  
Each changing hour unfolds a new-born charm.

Our world is full of gifts, and they are good;  
And still it seems to say "I know thy need,  
Thy soul tomorrow shall be satisfied"—  
Tomorrow never comes, and hunger grows.

The earth a secret has, for it was made  
By unseen hands that gave an unseen worth;  
And all its beauty, all its truth and power,  
Have graven deep within "The Name" of God.

A man once lived who always saw that Name;  
The humblest flowers were arrayed by God;  
The busy birds received their food from God;  
The sun in heaven was his Father's sun.

He spoke in honor high his Father's Name,  
And light divine e'er shone on sea and land,  
And all earth's partial truths were seen fulfilled,  
As faith and hope led on the upward way.

Deeply he loved, in love he spoke that Name,  
And by that Name he overcame the world,  
Proclaimed his message, fully did his deed,  
Served gladly by all things that served his God.

Alas, that truth and love so lacking were;  
That men this heavenly kingdom could despise;  
Could even see "The Name" and turn away,  
To choose an earth that had therein no God!

My soul, hast thou by faith called forth the inner light?  
Forever shines for thee the wondrous Name divine?  
O! speak it forth, in constant truth and growing love,  
And master all earth's best, by making earth serve  
    heaven!

## STORM

A traveler o'er the weary western plain  
Gained distant sight of heaven-kissing peaks,  
Whose lofty heads seemed far to rise above  
The rude attack of any earthly storm.  
But no! E'en as he gazed there gathered fast  
The messengers of elemental wrath.  
Thick darkness blotted out from mortal sight  
The topmost peak, and thunder's awful peal  
Bespoke concussion dire of fiercest strife.  
Sad, that the highest earth can show, must bear  
The stress and shame and wreck of angry war,  
The traveler mused in bitterness on fate  
And pain and death—when lo! his path had reached  
The place of storm, and all around he saw  
Not torn and blasted witnesses of wrath,  
Not e'en the mountain's hard and rugged shapes,  
But soft as wool, and white as light of sun,  
That livery supreme of heaven, the snow.

Earth has its storms for all; no hight secure  
From blackest cloud and sternest thunder peal.  
Yet fear thou not, my soul! For every storm  
May bring new peace. Black clouds not always are  
The smoke of hell. See thou in them, faint heart,  
The hiding-place of love unknowable.  
And when the thunder of God's voice has ceased,  
And from the heaven above breaks in the light  
Of that glad day which knows no shadowing cloud,  
Thou shalt behold thyself, not torn and marred,  
Nor even see the rude and shapeless waste  
So long familiar to thy harassed thought,  
But over all that robe of purest white  
Which is the righteousness of saints; that robe  
Which first from heaven came to sinful earth  
Amid the struggle of the darkest hour  
The world has ever seen, when on the Mount  
Of Calvary the awful storm of wrath  
Divine swept over Him who once for all  
Did conquer storm and wreck, and evermore  
Doth pray for all his own, that faith fail not.

## THE NIGHT ALSO IS THINE

“In the dead vast and middle of the night”  
I lay upon my bed and sought for sleep,  
But sought in vain. Still as the tomb it was.  
The utter blackness seemed to grow and move,  
As if to choke me in its gathering folds.  
My body seemed to loosen from my soul,  
And float away beyond my reach. No more  
I knew, till from a swoon it seemed I woke,  
With ghostly memories of struggle sore,  
And sickening plunge into the awful dark.  
I strove to see, to hear, to feel, to move;  
But bodiless I was, an empty soul.  
I strained my utmost will to get some hold  
Upon the void about, but nothing found.  
And, as I travailed thus, the nothingness  
Grew insolent, and with rapacious greed  
Pressed hard about to seize me for its own,  
But could not make me loose my desperate hold  
Upon myself. And then remembering Him  
To whom in earthly need I oft had turned,  
I cried: “My God, My God, why hast thou thus  
Forsaken one who put his trust in Thee?”

And then it seemed there stirred within a thought,—  
Whether my own or God's I could not tell:  
“Why seekest thou through flesh to know thy God?  
He is within thee, even in thy heart.”  
At this I gathered all my spirit's strength.  
And shutting from my thoughts the deadly void,  
I turned within to see if God were there.  
And as I waited, hoping for a call  
Such as to Samuel came from out the night,  
My love awoke, and tender memories  
Of Him who faithful is and true, began  
To fill my empty soul. Like one of old  
I cried: “My God, upon my right or left,  
Before, behind, I find Thee not; and yet  
Thou knowest the way I take. Receive my soul.  
Though Thou dost slay, yet will I trust in Thee.”

While thus I sought, by faith and not by sight,  
To find my unknown God, there seemed to shine  
Within and round about my kindling soul  
“The light that never was on sea or land.”  
And in this light my clearing vision saw  
The light of Him who is the Truth and Life.  
And lo! my soul that knew such sore affright  
In fear of losing God, had all the while  
Been lying in the hollow of His hand.

## “THE PRINCE OF THE POWER OF THE AIR”

Loud was the storm, mighty the rain and wind,  
The elemental struggle raised my soul  
To highest pitch of swift responding strain;  
I longed to be abroad and share in full  
The night of stress and rush and blaze and roar.  
And as my spirit tugged at fleshy bars  
They seemed to melt away, and at a thought  
Far to the centre of the storm I flew.  
O how I reveled in the strife, and called  
For grander labor, yet sublimer might!

Was it the prince of airy power? I thought  
An answer came in tones of hellish hate:  
“Thou hast thy prayer.” Till then the flash and roar  
Had seemed no other than the voice of God,  
The gleams of glory from his unseen throne;  
But now my soul was left to Satan’s will.  
The smoking pit swelled up with blackest clouds,  
And fiercest flames whelmed me in rushing blaze;  
The bellowing thunder burst in devilish wrath—  
Surely my bed was made in deepest hell;  
The tempest’s tury shook creation’s rim,  
And yet concentered in my trembling soul;  
The madding lightning tore the universe  
And in its focus all alone I lay.



A quaking, dying point of fear I seemed,  
Securely swallowed up of hate, when lo!  
There rose a still small voice: "Art thou yet harmed?"  
And straight my inmost spirit waked to know  
That though I must inhabit trembling, yet  
I must not, dare not yield myself to hell  
In fearing aught that God himself feared not,  
For even here He led me by His hand.

## “THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE”

To love the Lord our God with all our heart;  
To love our neighbor as we love ourselves;  
To love all things, to love all souls, in God,  
And as our God doth love, this is his law,  
And this our life. Without it naught avails.  
The tongues of men and angels without love  
Are but as clanging cymbals, sounding brass.  
To know the secrets that the future hides,  
To grasp all knowledge, solve all mystery,  
With hands of faith to wield the power divine  
And move the mountains from their ancient seats—  
And yet to miss God's love, and loveless live,  
Is to make failure absolute of life.  
With soul unloving to bestow our goods  
Upon the poor, to give to stake and flame  
This mortal body, naught of profit brings,  
Love seeketh not her own, but lives to give.  
Love envieth not, is not to wrath provoked,  
But suffereth long. Love vaunteth not itself,  
Is not puffed up, doth not unseemly walk;  
Of evil taketh not unkind account;  
Rejoiceth not in sin, but with the truth.  
Love hopes all things, believes all things, and thus  
Temptation's brunt can bear and trials sore,  
Yea, all endure that God's high will permits.

Love faileth never. Words of prophecy  
Their day attain and slip into the past.  
The tongues of man all cease, their knowledge fails  
As stars are done away by rising sun,  
In part we know and speak ; our surest thoughts,  
That claim the final truth to phrase, are all  
But fragments of an ever-growing whole  
That some fair heavenly day shall perfect be.  
The child to man doth grow, and puts away  
His childish thoughts and words. And he that sees  
As in a mirror darkly features dear,  
From dim reflection gladly turns to gaze  
Upon his well-beloved face to face.  
So what we know and do we leave behind,  
But faith and hope and love to heaven we take,  
For they make heaven, and are eternal life,  
Through them we are at one with that great God,  
Lord of all truth and giver of all good,  
Whose greatest name forevermore is Love.

## IMMORTAL LOVE

Our God does not repent him of his gifts.  
Friend he has made for friend; and each to each  
Has given growing love, until the ties  
That bind them to each other and to God  
Are numberless and most divinely good.  
And when one friend departs and one doth stay,  
Death comes not all these sacred ties to break,  
For that Death cannot do. Love still loves on.  
The lover here defies both space and time;  
No less doth that one gone beyond the veil.  
Whatever change may come, he changeth not  
To something that forgets, and loves no more.  
Nay, all the new that claims the raptured soul  
Shall but the old confirm and glorify.  
These friends of ours and God's he keeps awhile  
Until our day shall come. Then kindly Death  
Shall give us back the same true hand and voice,  
The face so sweet and strong, so pure and free.  
They shall be glad, as we, to meet again;  
And nearer fellowship than earth's shall come  
As through heaven's ways they lead our eager feet,  
And help us with their eyes to see our Lord.

How short will then the time of absence seem!  
How small the price for this enrichment great!  
And since our sorrow has been turned to joy,  
We shall give thanks for every purging fire  
That taught us how to love our friends in God,  
And make their love to us as sure as heaven.

“OH THAT I KNEW!”

These friends of ours, gone from this lower earth,  
Where have they gone? And are they near or far?  
Our eyes can see no more the form beloved;  
Can they see us, and watch our daily path?  
We think of them with every day and hour,  
And love grows stronger with the lengthening  
thought;  
Do they still think of us? And do they long,  
As we, with ever greatening desire?  
In days now past their prayers for us were dear  
As water to the thirsty soul; but now  
We hear no word; do they still pray for us?  
  
What is their day and night? How fares their time?  
What knowledge new and wonderful is theirs?  
How freely do they pass from sphere to sphere?  
What noble service fills the heart and hand?  
What new companionships enrich their life?  
How grow their powers, trained in heaven's school?  
What beauties new appear in word and deed?  
The vision of their Lord,—oh, when it came,  
What changes wrought it in their inmost soul?  
How sound their praises in the heavenly choir?  
And should we know them if we saw them there?

Thus ever do we question Death, while he,  
With silent finger on the lips, stands dumb.  
We turn to God, to whom all souls belong,  
And cry "Thou knowest our souls by love have life;  
Sustain our love by word of knowledge dear  
Of that new world to which our friends have gone."  
And then from out the silence comes response:  
"Thy dear ones are with me, and I know all.  
In utmost grace and truth I plan their days.  
Why needest thou to know? Sustain thy love  
By faith and hope, and wait my time—and thine—  
The hour when shadows all shall flee away.  
And heaven's clear day shall be thy heritage;  
And these to whom true love is all their life,  
Who live where true love ever greater grows,  
Shall meet thee face to face, once more thine own,  
To see, to have, to hold forevermore."

## THE PASTOR'S HOME-COMING

JOHN WHEELER HARDING.

'Twas evening's time of peace. The busy day  
With all its throng of slowly moving hours  
Was near its end. The burden and the heat  
Were done, the blaze of light and strain of toil.  
The night could not be distant, yet the earth  
Was unafraid. With level rays the sun  
Illumed the swelling hills, the noble stream,  
The stretch of meadow land, the stately trees.  
All that it was to leave it faced—and smiled.  
In clearest outline stood the gracious scene,  
Aglow in tender light, a well-beloved,  
Aware that lovers needs must part, yet sure  
Of other days to come, and smiling back  
In thoughtful but untroubled loveliness.

Long was the journey from the southern land.  
By hands of strangers had the precious dust  
Been borne from stage to stage of slow approach:  
But now the well-loved pastor nears his home.  
The friends of many years, who knew him well,  
Who long with him have walked "life's common way,"  
And marked his "cheerful godliness" are there.  
No thought of race or creed; in that still hour,  
All feel the beauty and the worth of faith  
And steadfast loyalty, of charity



Serene, and that good treasure of the heart  
Which has its gift for every passing hour .  
Now comes the casket unto loving hands,  
That bear it up the path so often trod  
By him in days that were, and are no more.  
In long array the escort comes, with step  
Of reverence, and with grave aspect, as men  
Who face the mysteries of life and death.  
The distant sweetness of the tolling bell  
Swells to the solemn stroke on stroke that seems  
To measure to its end man's mortal course.  
Beneath the elms they pass, whose ample boughs  
Are spread in solemn blessing o'er their heads.  
Then to his home they come, that fronts his church  
And looks beyond upon the field of God.  
Within, the comrades of his studious hours  
Are waiting him, the books he dearly loved,  
Whose lore of earth and heaven he oft hath conned.  
There row on row they stand, around, above :  
And 'mid those silent forms, filled with the thoughts  
Of men who saw but darkly what they saw,  
We, who still walk in earthly twilight dim,  
Left him, on whom in other lands had dawned  
The light divine of an eternal day.

## DE MORTUIS, BONUM

LUTHER DANA WOODBRIDGE, M. D.

There are who count their gold with loving hand,  
Noting with growing joy the yellow gleam,  
The clear imprint, the sterling worth of all.

There are whose hands are empty; gone their gold;  
And memory needs must count, and count again  
What eyes see not, what hands no more can touch.

A manly man he was, of stalwart frame,  
Deliberate, well poised, with ample powers  
That rose to meet the shock of sudden need.

A man great-hearted, ardent, vivid, pure;  
With many a tender thought and impulse keen,  
And tidal rush of feeling broad and deep.

A man for healing wise; resourceful, strong;  
Deep in the mysteries of this mortal frame;  
At home in Nature's sphere of force and law.

A man devout and prayerful, serving God;  
Loving his word and people, all his work,  
And all his workers, be they high or low.

A teacher clear and sure, with knowledge wide;  
Insistent, forceful, with a high contempt  
For men who play at work and work at play.

A citizen most loyal; strenuous, firm;  
His zeal unsparing and his purpose large,  
Responsive to each form of public good.

A champion, born for fray; ne'er turning back  
Because the strife was hot, but striking hard,  
And fighting on, though left to fight alone.

A friend he was,—how many mourn that friend,  
So steadfast, so abounding, full of cheer  
And strength and eager service of the soul.

How richly dowered he with native gifts!  
How large the place in life he made and filled!  
How sad this sudden void which Death has made!

The college and the church, the town, the hills,  
Men rich and poor, friends near and far, will feel  
In coming days a growing sense of loss.

For him the gain. Set free from bonds of flesh,  
“Rapt from the fickle and the frail,” may he  
An angel strong abide with thee, O God.

## IN MEMORIAM

RACHEL STEWART WALK.

The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away.  
In all his gifts our Lord is very good;  
Nor loves he less when from our mortal sight  
He for a time removes the friend so dear.

This was a friend, honest and true with all,  
And with her own most gentle, frank, and true;  
Firm for the right, and setting duty first,  
Counting no cost if only souls were saved,  
And guided into purity and peace;  
Yet tender, wise for silence as for speech,  
Able to wait for God and wait for man.

A soul that keenly felt both joy and pain,  
And cherished noble pain as noble joy;  
Eager for life, eager to help to live;  
Cheerful and brave, bearing her heavy load  
With patience strong, and utmost faith in Him  
Who makes all things work out the highest good  
For them who own His call and trust His love.

A soul at home in this God's lower world,  
A mind alert, intelligent and clear,  
Following our human course with constant zest,  
And rating well the values of the time;  
Yet seeing Him who is invisible,  
Having the treasure of her heart above,  
Rich for the life to which she now has gone.

The Lord hath taken away, the Lord will give,  
In fuller measure, ay, with lavish hand,  
The mortal made immortal, weakness turned to  
    strength,  
And imperfection lost in beauty full and free.



## SONNETS





## WITHOUT AND WITHIN

The soul goes out to seek itself a home,  
And often finds an open outer door;  
But inner rooms are barred, and evermore  
The soul must barely lodge, or restless roam,  
Until it turns within to seek a home  
For others, and unbars each envious door  
Long closed to man and God. And evermore  
The soul that welcomes those who restless roam,  
And, like its Lord, is glad to give its best,  
Keeping no inmost room for inmost need,  
Shall find within that Christ who is our Rest:  
Without, the many mansions of the blest:  
All earth and heaven its home in every deed,  
When from the devil Self the soul is freed.

## LIFE

### I.—WHAT THE FLESH SAYS.

Thou art a master strange and hard, oh Life!  
Thy step ne'er hastens with our pulse's beat,  
Nor lingers to prolong the hours so sweet;  
Though coming days with powers fell be rife,  
No leaden foot can 'scape the fearful strife.  
On are we forced our destiny to meet:  
Thy grip of steel forbids advance, retreat;  
Who finds thee not most strange and hard, oh Life?  
The spring may crown us with her blossoms gay;  
Our love is but our loss, for all decay.  
The summer speaks us fair of richer joy;  
But youth is gone, and hope finds small employ.  
Our little harvest wastes and withers fast;  
The winter falls, and Death holds all at last.

II.—WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS.

Thou art a master strangely kind, oh, Life!  
    Restraining still our rash and hasty feet,  
    And taking soon the cup too simply sweet.  
Though foolish fears within our hearts be rife,  
On are we urged to share heroic strife.  
    Each sluggish power is given its burden meet,  
    Nor greed nor pride from service may retreat;  
Who may not find thee strangely kind, oh, Life?  
    From good to better, and still on to best,  
    The willing, trustful soul is ever pressed:  
Through blooming spring, with promise bright and  
    dear;  
Then summer, with full strength and vision clear;  
    Then autumn's wealth and peace; then winter's  
    call,  
Far hence, to Him who filleth all in all.

## I WILL GIVE THEE REST

### I.—WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

Father, this heart of mine is not at rest;  
    I see no harvest, and the seeds are small;  
    My flowers are few, and poor and sickly all;  
Thy child is lonely, weary, and oppressed.  
Alas, I left the haven of Thy breast;  
    Busy with joy and care, Thy gentle call  
    I heeded not: low at Thy feet I fall,  
Brought back by pain from life by Thee unblest.  
How could I try without my God to live?  
    Full glad am I Thou didst not thus leave me.  
My folly and my sin, O Lord, forgive,  
    And, since this pain has turned my face toward  
    Thee,  
I dare not ask Thee less of it to give;  
    Do Thou Thy will and I content will be.

## II.—THE WIND WAS CONTRARY

Master, my boat is far out on the sea,  
Helpless before the force of wind and wave.  
I could the anger of the tempest brave;  
But, Lord, did not the bidding come from Thee,  
“Go to the other side?” Dost Thou not see  
How fruitless is my toil? Shall he who gave  
The charge leave me in vain his help to crave?  
Lord, from Thy distant mount look down on me.  
I know Thou pray’st for me, but more I need  
Thyself; come, Savior, o’er the waters wide.  
I would not from this fruitless toil be freed  
If with it I have Thee; against the tide  
I’ll struggle well content; for sure none speed  
So fast as they who Thine own time abide.

## A THREEFOLD CORD IS NOT EASILY BROKEN

### I.—IF THOU CANST—!

Lord, canst Thou be to me all that I need?

With Thee alone can I be satisfied?

My heart is foolish, wilful, and has cried  
For earthly good with eager, stubborn greed.

O, how can I the life of heaven lead?

How yield my will, and all to Thee confide?

How crucify this self of lust and pride?

By even God can I from sin be freed?

Lord, if Thou canst! Without Thee I am lost;

Before me nought but earth and death and hell.

O, save my soul; stop not at any cost,

Though every other hope should hear its knell.

Thou wilt not leave me helpless, tempest-tossed!—

Be glad, my soul! He hears, and all is well.

II.—THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

Thy will be done. It was for that I came.

And yet my flesh is restive with the fear

Of loss and pain and struggle lone and drear—

A rebel this I know not how to tame.

Thy saving power, Lord, I humbly claim;

Thou knowest well Thou art to me more dear

Than this vain flesh that quakes thy voice to hear.

Thy light hath kindled mine; my love inflame

Until all steady, pure, and bright it burns.

Train Thou this silly will until it learns

Calmly to suffer need, and to abound;

Or full or hungry, let me still be crowned

As called and kept for Christ, as set apart

To do His perfect will with perfect heart.

### III.—TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST.

When first Thou mad'st a temple of my heart  
Thy whip of small cords often Thou didst ply ;  
Now wilful sins are gone, and Thou and I  
Will keep this house of prayer till I depart  
To see Thee ever face to face who art  
Such boundless wealth I poverty defy,  
In earthly pain a joy so rich, so high,  
My fainting soul must wait for heaven's art  
To sing the story of Thy matchless love.  
To me to live is Christ. No life I know,  
In goods, or work, or friends, but far above,  
Nay, through it all the thoughts of Jesus glow.  
Finish Thy work of time, Thou heavenly Dove,  
And me the Christ of endless glory show.

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The strenuous hearts that win and keep these visions  
three,  
Through fear and labor shall from dread and care be  
free.



## RAPHAEL'S TRANSFIGURATION

They stood on mountain hights; amazed they saw  
The Truth all glorious in its native light.

By it they knew the Past, its spirits of might  
One with the greater Present of Love and Law,  
That strained with yearning and oppressed with awe  
Their raptured souls. And then once more the  
night

Was theirs, the lowly plain, the wretched sight  
Of men that work with fiends, of tears that draw  
Worse tears from helpless hearts.—Yet Truth is  
Truth;

And he that filled their breast with ruth  
Made all their darkness light, their sorrow joy,  
Their losses gain. To Him, in high employ,  
They trusted all; in Him their all they found;  
With him they stand, forever on holy ground.



IN VARIOUS METRES



## TWO LOVERS

### I.

I am a humble serving-man  
Who needs must look above,  
For mine's a mistress whom none can  
Once see, and fail to love.

Oh, none so fair, so proud as she,  
Oh, none so true, so good,  
A sweeter charm there could not be  
Of gracious womanhood.

And she hath many a lover fine;  
Like flies to honey they come.  
They praise, they sigh, they sing, they pine,  
But of love her lips are dumb.

"They love my lands, they love my face,  
They love their love I see;  
But I speak not love till I meet the grace  
Of a man that loveth me."

And so they come, and so they go;  
They climb too high and fall.  
While I, who am so far below,  
Stand nearer than they all.

“My lady”—thus they all would say;  
This woman they would own.  
And missing this they will not stay;  
Full soon such birds are flown.

“My lady,” I unchecked may say,  
For service fills my heart;  
And she is mine to serve alway,  
Till death us two shall part.

## II.

There be many lovers, and I am one,  
And of love there be many ways;  
There be many worthy of love, but none  
So worthy as her I praise.

O, none may tell how fair is she,  
How gentle, true, and pure.  
More wondrous grace there could not be,  
Which mortals might endure.

To her court comes many a lover bold  
To offer his homage fine,  
To bear her standard, to share her gold;  
But of favor she giveth no sign.

“They love my wealth, they love my fame,  
They love their wit I see;  
They love of loving to have the name;  
But none of these knights love me.”

They think that their praises make her great,  
They would serve her as their own;  
And, may they but rule in her rich estate,  
They are ready to leave her alone.

So off they are sent, and her badge they wear,  
And much they win by her name;  
But in lowly service I may dare  
A place at her side to claim.

Oh, Truth is the name of the mistress fair  
Who is mine to serve alway,  
With a love in which death can never share,  
For her's is Eternity's Day.

## BEAUTY AND DUTY

One who loves me has given me a rose.  
With great delight I watch the bud unfold ;  
Daily to fuller bloom its beauty grows,  
Until the precious story is all told.

And then—ah, then !

The heart revealed by Death is sealed ;  
Its sad array is flung away.

Poor beauty ! My duty  
So late begun, is quickly done.

One whom I love has pledged to me her heart.  
Its gift of trust grows sweeter with each day,  
Until the inmost veils are drawn apart,  
And love has all things yielded to his sway.

And then—oh then !

That heart revealed by Life is sealed ;  
In love's increase it ne'er shall cease.

My Beauty, the duty  
Long since begun, is never done.



He who loves all hath said: My world is thine;  
By all things fair and good thou art to live,  
In spaces broad, in heights and depths divine,  
And with each perfect boon myself I give.

And then—oh then!

Out fares my soul to seek its goal,  
A goal that ever flies, and soars beyond the skies.  
O Beauty, O Duty,  
Forever won, and never done.

## LOVE IS BEST

### HUMAN

I gave to my sweetheart a flower most sweet,  
That told her my love was true.  
She gave but a glance at the flower so sweet,  
And—kissed the lover! 'Tis true!

“But, sweetheart, slight not the flower so sweet,  
Tho it tell of a lover true.”  
She pressed it a moment to lips more sweet,  
And—forgot it again! 'Tis true!

### DIVINE.

He opens his treasure of gifts pure and sweet,  
That tell of a love strong and true.  
We open our hearts to each blessing so sweet,  
And—shut out the giver! 'Tis true!

“Forget not all else, tho the blessing be sweet;  
Myself I give to the true.”  
We praise him a moment that life is so sweet,  
And—turn again earthward! 'Tis true!

## OPTIMUM OPTIMO

My best to thee, Beloved, not to the world without,  
Where loss doth ever shadow gain, and hope still  
dies by doubt.

My best to thee, Beloved, not to the fool within;  
He must be taught by rod and word, until he hates  
all sin.

My best to thee, Beloved; thy best is always mine;  
No gifts, no pains are ever spared, to lift my soul to  
thine.

My best to thee, Beloved; still upward would I press,  
To purer faith, to clearer sight, to God's own holiness.

## WHAT IS THAT TO THEE

Lord, the world is fair,  
Pleasure smiles on all,  
Honors brave are there,  
Wealth and power call.  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

Lord, my task is small,  
Mocking high desire;  
Useless is my all,  
Quenched the generous fire.  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

Lord, Thy labors great  
Far exceed my might;  
Angry, desperate,  
Naught I do aright.  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

Weary, Lord, am I,  
Life is running low;  
Down my soul would lie  
E'en among the foe.  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

Lord, unworthy I,  
Heaven's work to do.  
Why with Thee ally  
One so oft untrue?  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

How dare I, my Lord,  
Enter Heaven with Thee?  
Small and poor accord  
Can it find in me.  
What is that to thee?  
Follow thou Me.

MY BELOVED IS MINE AND I AM HIS

Only Thee I follow,  
Jesus, Man Divine,  
Lord of highest heaven,  
Earth's true king, and mine.  
How Thy love doth draw me,  
Dying us to win,  
Lamb of God most holy,  
Bearing all our sin.

Not afar I follow,  
Nearest friend and best;  
In that hand once pierced  
Mine is ever pressed.  
Let me not forget Thee,  
Nor with clouded face  
Look upon Thy beauty,  
Full of truth and grace.

Not alone I follow,  
For all souls are Thine;  
Teach me how to serve them  
With a love divine.  
When Thou goest seeking  
For the faint and lost,  
Let me still keep near Thee,  
Sharing all the cost.

Naught of joy or sorrow  
Shall from Thee divide;  
Naught of light or darkness  
Turn me from my guide.  
Daily gains and losses,  
All shall purge my soul;  
Earthly crowns and crosses,  
All shall make me whole.

So e'en here a kingdom  
This my heart shall be,  
Blessed Lord and Master,  
Only, all for Thee.  
And beyond death's portal  
There shall surely come  
Vision beatific,  
Glory, service, home.

## HIS WAY IS PERFECT

My God, I prayed Thee for Thy best,  
And planned great things for Thee;  
But useless toils have me oppressed,  
Thy drudge I would not be.

My child, I give to thee my best,  
Thy small love makes it small;  
If thou wilt faithful be in least,  
Thou'lt find me all in all.

My God, I prayed Thee for Thy best,  
And longed for rest and peace;  
But labors great have filled my breast  
With pains that still increase.

My child, I give to thee my best,  
Why workest thou alone?  
If thou wilt find in me thy rest,  
Thy cares shall be thy throne.

My God, I prayed Thee for Thy best,  
The best my soul did know;  
And now Thou dost it from me wrest,  
Why art Thou thus my foe?



My child, I give to thee my best ;  
Thy best would starve thy soul ;  
In me alone learn to be blest ;  
Thy Lord will make thee whole.

My God, I prayed Thee for Thy best ;  
For strength and joy in Thee :  
And yet my soul is all unblest,  
Thick darkness covers me.

My child, I give to thee my best,  
To walk by faith, not sight ;  
Soon thou shalt be with Heaven blest,  
And there shall be no night.

## GOD'S TOMORROW

I boast not myself of the morrow;  
Its story is all unknown.

I see but a step before me:  
And this present is only a loan  
That may grow to something greater,  
Or may cease to be mine own.

I picture my hope, yet life's bounties  
Surprise me with riches unguessed.  
I cannot but fear, yet life's sorrows  
Ne'er find me nor leave me unblessed;  
For trial seeks ever to serve me,  
And each good is a guide to the best.

All my life, past, present and future,  
Is thine, O my Savior and Lord!  
I trust Thee to cleanse its past record,  
To bring my heart now to accord,  
And by all that the future discloses  
To fit me for heaven's award.

The cup of thy choice may be bitter,  
But to suffer with Thee is sweet.  
Thy path may lead on through the darkness,  
But never shall faith choose retreat.  
In following Thee love ne'er stumbles,  
And hope cannot suffer defeat.

Yet how often my cup runneth over  
With heavenly joys most sweet !  
A child of the light, I press onward  
With glad and eager feet ;  
For my Master is always beside me,  
And all things his praises repeat.

Thus ever my vision grows clearer,  
And firmer my step in the way ;  
Thus ever a dearer friendship  
Finds place as I watch and pray,  
And journey, through storm and through sunshine,  
With my King to his perfect day.

## WAIT, MY SOUL

Wax not hot, my soul,  
    Though thou seest coming near  
    What to thee is greatly dear;  
    Though thy God doth say thee nay  
    When desire would bear no stay,

Wax not hot, my soul.  
    God would help thee make thy love  
    Pure and true as that above.  
    Master self! Give no desire  
    Torch to set thy world afire.  
Wait, my soul! Soon, my soul,  
All things shall be thine.

Wax not faint, my soul,  
    Though thou seest passing by  
    That for which the heart doth cry;  
    Though thy God doth take away  
    Nature's best, her only stay,  
Wax not faint, my soul.  
    God makes room Himself to give;  
    In His strength learn thou to live.  
    Gird thyself! Hold thou thy throne,  
    Though each vassal thence be flown.  
Wait, my soul! Soon, my soul,  
All things shall be thine.

Wax not hard, my soul.

Though thine eyes yet fail to see

What so precious is to thee;

Though thy loving seem in vain,

Endless longing, growing pain,

Wax not hard, my soul.

Think on what thy Savior bore;

Cease not loving, love thou more.

Win thyself! Make full each power;

God doth shape for thee rich dower.

Wait, my soul! Soon, my soul,

All things shall be thine.

## FEAR

Thou coward offspring of the soul's unrest,  
By every passing shadow still distressed.  
Thou hasty, witless, miscreating wight,  
At thine own sickly fancies sore affright.  
Thou grovelling spirit, that must ever prate  
Of loss and pain, though sacred duties wait.  
Thou slavish fool, afraid to meet thy God,  
But by eternal sin and death unawed.  
Thou woeful dweller in all tombs unblest,  
With legion forms of evil in thy breast.  
Earth has no chains thy hellish strength to bind,  
Yet by thy haunts must journey all mankind.

Jesus, thou Son of man, who here didst win  
Eternal victory over Hell and Sin,  
And able art all demons to cast out,  
This fiendish legion in my bosom rout.  
And may my Fear, in robes of worth arrayed,  
Learn at Thy feet to be of naught afraid,  
Save that he may not know God's holy will,  
Or, knowing it, may not in love fulfill.  
Teach him to dread his own steps to direct,  
To walk with faith the path Thou dost elect,  
Most watchful lest, mid shock of earthly ill,  
He fear not most to dread Thy perfect will.

## ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED

Accept, oh Lord, my work and rest,  
The joy of love, the play of soul;  
The hope that will not be unblest,  
The faith that turns not from its goal.

Accept the days of strength and zeal  
That seek thy might, and choose thy way;  
When weakness sore and sad I feel,  
Accept me as I watch and pray.

Accept my knowledge, called and crowned,  
As on I speed by heaven's light;  
When mist and darkness wrap me round,  
Accept the trust that thrives by night.

Accept the warm, exultant love  
That soars aloft on eagles' wings;  
When, chilled and numb, I scarce can move,  
Accept the love that simply clings.

Or glad or sad, or weak or strong,  
In heavenly day or earthly night,  
My heart and soul to thee belong;  
Accept them, Lord, by Love's great right.

“BE OF GOOD CHEER”

“A cheerful giver the Lord doth love.”  
Lord, I would learn to give,  
To long and love and live,  
With honest cheer unfailing.  
Free thou my heart from meanness,  
From stingy lack and leanness,  
From miserly uncleanness,  
My spirit still assailing.  
Our Master knows the art of living,  
All perfect he in heavenly giving.  
“I keep naught back from Him above me,  
“And therefore doth the Father love me.”  
Teach me, O Christ, Thy way of living,  
And make my life one joyous giving.  
So may I win my God’s dear love.



## LOSS AND GAIN

Is my right hand filled with grain,  
And comes there the gift of gold—  
I must empty my hand of the grain  
Before it can take the gold.

Is my right hand filled with gold,  
And comes there the offer of pearls—  
I may well let go the gold  
To make myself rich with pearls.

Am I counting my precious pearls,  
And comes there the greeting of Christ—  
What care I for richest pearls?  
Let me grasp the hand of Christ.

AT THAT DAY SHALL A MAN LOOK TO HIS  
MAKER

My day is full of promise,  
And my heart aglow with joy,  
My restless feet are eager,  
To begin their glad employ.  
Yet shall I seek my treasure  
With a world that knows not God?  
For what a day may bring me  
Shall I turn to the pathway broad?  
A day, a day, a day,  
It soon will pass away;  
But His own God loves forever,  
And His all is theirs always.

My day is full of labor,  
And my heart grows old with care.  
Weary and heavy laden,  
Are now both song and prayer.  
Yet God's word abideth ever,  
"As thy day thy strength shall be;"  
So I'll labor till the evening  
Sets the faithful servant free.  
A day, a day, a day,  
It soon will pass away,  
The name of our Lord is blessed,  
For He gives and takes away.

As for God His way is perfect,  
Be my days of joy or pain;  
For in me 'tis Christ that liveth,  
And to me to die is gain.  
Though I know the daily dying,  
Though the marks of Christ I bear,  
Yet His cross is all my glory,  
And His crown some day I'll wear.  
That day, that day, that day,  
It ne'er shall pass away.  
There shall be no death nor sorrow  
For His crown is ours alway.

## “IF ANY MAN THIRST”

What do I want to have?  
Every good thing owned by man!  
An ample home, with wealth to spend;  
Freedom and honor, the world my friend;  
All helps and delights, in noblest blend—  
All that belongs to man  
My soul desires to have.

What do I want to know?  
Every good thing known by man!  
The science of earth and sky and sea;  
The world that is past, the world soon to be;  
The wisdom that builds, the truth that makes free—  
All that belongs to man  
My soul is ardent to know.

What do I want to do?  
Every good thing done by man!  
Deeds that are kind, and deeds that are great;  
Deeds that shall triumph o'er hardest fate;  
Deeds that shall help a new world to create—  
All that belongs to man  
My soul is zealous to do.

What do I want to be?  
Worthy with all good men!  
Eager and generous, hopeful and bold;  
Steadfast, far-sighted, and self-controlled;  
Fervent and pure, in a love still untold—  
At one with all good men  
My soul aspires to be.

What shall I have and do?  
In truth, I do not know!  
For I must choose, and what shall I leave?  
And patterns most strange my life doth weave;  
And some things come not, however I grieve—  
In truth, no soul can know  
What he will have and do.

What am I meant to be?  
Ah, He who made me knows!  
He sees the goal, He sees the way;  
His purpose never goes astray;  
To noblest ends He shapes each day—  
The God who made me knows  
What I was meant to be.

What am I growing to be?  
Help me to watch and know!  
To see the goal each hour sets;  
The faith each faithful day begets;  
The larger love that loss forgets—  
Rejoicing may I know  
What I am growing to be.

The end—what shall it be?  
Thank God, there is no end!  
With boundless love his counsels shine;  
All time is His, all power divine,  
To make all earth and heaven mine  
In growth without an end  
Toward that which I shall be.

My God, who made me, knows;  
Nor is His making done.  
Naught that is evil is in me to stay;  
All that is good is now on the way;  
All that I seek draws near as I pray  
“Thy will, not mine, be done”—  
My God, who makes, and knows.

## ENTERING INTO REST

O God, Thou art my rest ;  
From mine own works I cease  
    From pride in what I seem to do  
    From shame because I cannot do,  
    From greed of greater things to do,  
    From dread of losing what I do,  
From these my works I cease  
To find in Thee my rest.

## A MORNING PRAYER

O Lord of might, no might have I  
My sins to quell, my work to do.  
Thine is the power ; create in me  
A heart all clean and brave and true.

O Lord of wisdom, make me wise  
Thy words of grace each hour to heed ;  
My thoughts to keep, my ways to watch,  
Thy weak to guard, Thy blind to lead.

O Lord of love, teach me to love  
My life, since from thy life it came ;  
My brethren, for in them Thou art ;  
My God, past praising is His name.

My Savior, Brother, all in all,  
Now grant me to be one with Thee ;  
Thy glory to thy servant give,  
And glorify Thyself in me.



## AN EVENING PRAYER

Savior of men, another day  
Is added to our heavenly store,  
With humble, grateful hearts we pray,  
That Thou wilt bless us more and more.

If, wilful, we have gone astray,  
Or walked with heedless, stumbling feet,  
Or lagged behind, forgive our way,  
And cleanse and strengthen, we entreat.

For the new mercies Thou hast given,  
For work and strength, for friends and love,  
For bliss of earth, and hope of heaven,  
We join the mighty song above.

In this day's struggle, pain, and loss,  
In all of death we taste with Thee,  
We own Thy love and count Thy cross,  
Our glory and our liberty.

The quickening truth we saw this day,  
The faith and love Thou didst impart,  
Make ours forever, Lord, we pray,  
And for Thy best prepare our heart.

Upon Thine altar, Lord, we place  
Our work today for Thee and Thine;  
Here sanctify it by Thy grace,  
And round it let Thy glory shine.

Bless all we love with peace and rest,  
Their time of love teach them to know,  
To all the tempted and oppressed  
This night the great salvation show.

For earth and heaven make us fit,  
Oh, Thou that dost Thine Israel keep;  
Our spirits we to Thee commit;  
Give now to Thy beloved sleep.

### A VERSE FOR A "THANK OFFERING"

'Tis still our own, the offering we have given;  
It works our will in sending far our love.  
And what his children keep, by heaven given,  
Is still God's own; his will it serves, his love.

### AN ALTERED CLOSING STANZA

For the hymn "A charge to keep I have"

Help me to watch and pray;  
Be with me in the strife;  
Thine every word may I obey,  
And find in Thee my life.

## HIGHER GROUND

Oh—

I see a stream of life, but it's running so low ;  
The Christian is awake, but he's moving so  
slow ;  
The gospel sounds the charge, but the churches  
don't go.

Oh—

When Jesus comes, where shall I be found ?  
Lord, help me get onto higher ground.

Oh—

I see a fire burning, but the world stays cold ;  
The Christian hates to fight, so the devil keeps  
bold ;  
The churches sing and pray, but they don't take  
hold.

Oh—

When Jesus comes, where shall I be found ?  
Lord, help me to get onto higher ground.

## THE KINGDOM COMING

The kingdom coming is a coming sure ;  
Elder, don't you worry.  
It will all be yours, if your heart is pure ;  
Elder, don't you worry.

The kingdom coming is a coming strong ;  
Brother, don't you worry.  
It's coming with work and prayer and song ;  
Brother, don't you worry.

The kingdom coming is a coming soon ;  
Sister, don't you worry.  
Just when God's clock shall strike high noon ;  
Sister, don't you worry.

Oh, man is weak and man is slow ;  
Christian, don't you worry.  
There's a God above and a God below ;  
Christian, don't you worry.

## A HYMN FOR CHILDREN

Should we not try,—  
Yes, you and I,—  
In everything  
To please our King?

These lips shall speak  
Things true and meek,  
And sing God's praise  
Through all our days.

These eyes shall look  
To God's own Book,  
And learn the way  
To watch and pray.

These ears shall try  
To let go by  
No single word  
Of Christ, our Lord.

These hands, though weak,  
Shall humbly seek  
For Christ to do  
Good work and true.

These feet shall run  
To serve each one  
Whom God hath made,  
And we can aid.

These hearts shall love  
The Lord above,  
Who loves us all,  
Both great and small.

Yes, you and I  
Will stoutly try  
In everything  
To please our King.

## AZRAEL TESTS THE MAN

Thus Azrael spoke to the soul of the Man :

“ You lodge in a world of death,

Of weakness and accident, pain and disease,

That haunt and imperil each breath.

Come with me to the land where no sickness e'er  
comes,

Where immortal abides the soul;

Where in strength abundant and ever renewed

The dream of a man is made whole.”

Said the soul of the Man to the Angel who called :

“ My weakness in Strength has a friend.

There is plan back of chance, there is joy spite of pain,

There's a course, with its goal at the end.

I would succor the weak, bring comfort to grief,

Lift the fallen, one by one;

Stand for life in a world that is shadowed by death;

I would live, till my work is done.”

Again Azrael spoke to the soul of the Man :

“ You dwell in a world of sin;

The selfish and cruel, the hateful and foul,

Throng about you, and work within.

Come with me to the land where no evil e'er comes,

Where all holy abides the soul;

Where in beauty and power, in goodness and truth,

The dream of a man is made whole.”



Said the soul of the Man to the Angel who called:  
"I am weak, but Strength is my friend.  
There's the joy of the brave, of the charge that wins,  
Of resolve that fights on to the end.  
I would guard the weak, I would rescue the lost,  
With God's sword I would face the foe;  
Play the soldier's high part with all men good and  
true,  
Sell this life of mine dear—then go."

Once more Azrael spoke to the soul of the Man:  
"Above are your Lord and your home;  
You see not his face, you hear not his voice,  
A heart-hungry exile you roam.  
Come with me to the land where in glory abides  
The heaven God made for your soul;  
See the King as he is, be a king with him there,  
Where the dream of a man is made whole."

Said the soul of the Man to the Angel who called:  
"Not comfortless now we roam;  
He is with us alway, to the end of the world;  
For my time, here on earth is my home.  
I would speak for the Christ, I would show forth the  
Christ,  
To the Christ I would bring foe and friend;  
With him would I work, for this world that he loves,  
Till his call my exile shall end."

## DYING DAILY

My Lord, Thy grace has banished many a fear;  
But love is not yet perfect, and my soul  
Is oft afraid of dying, though the goal  
It be of all my toil. In mercy hear  
My prayer, thou Conqueror of Death, and teach  
This restive foolish heart each day to die  
In faith of resurrection; though it cry,  
Yet spare Thou not; for only thus we reach  
The love that knows and trusts no will but Thine.  
And, as I learn the hard and blessed task,  
In hope resolved my trembling soul shall ask  
That death and life in fullness may be mine.  
Then, like a tired child, when night hath come  
That brings to end the journey long, I'd lay  
Myself in arms of love, and sink away  
In peaceful sleep, to waken soon at home.

TO A SOUL THAT SHRINKS FROM NOBLE  
DEATH

Weigh not the cost of Death,  
The world has men enough.

Plead not thy work, my soul,  
Thine earthly loves so dear.  
Keep but thy heavens clear,  
Show thou God's model whole.  
Be thou the stamp his hand shall press,  
On every heart that learns thy deed.  
No work, no love, can ever need  
One coward more, one hero less.

God, sure, hath men enough ;  
Win thou Life's best in Death.

## PAUL WRITES FINIS

My life I hold not with a grudging hand,  
As something dear, too precious to be spent—  
If only I my course may well complete,  
May do the daily task received from Christ,  
In deed and word may be a witness true  
To God's good news of all renewing grace.

The time of my departure is at hand;  
The good fight I have fought, the faith have kept,  
And round my course have gone unto the end.  
Beyond the night mine eyes now greet the day,  
The crown of righteousness laid up for me,  
The blest appearing of our Savior King.

## ANNOTATIONS



## ANNOTATIONS

P. 2. The Living God. He "giveth us richly all things to enjoy." 1 Tim. 6:17. The adjective "living" is not simply used in contrast with the lifeless gods of the heathen; it presents God as the source of life, the fountain of all energy and being.

P. 3. The Song of the Creatures. This poem by St. Francis is most interesting for its extraordinary devotional quality, as well as for the fact that it stands at the beginning of Italian poetry. Tho allowing myself freedom in verbal details, I have conformed strictly to the original in the number of lines in each stanza. The reader will notice that after his reference to the sun and moon, the author takes up the four "elements," air, water, fire, and earth. The other stanzas were added later, under circumstances which may be found recorded in Mrs. Oliphant's life of the saint, pages 231-234, where may also be found the Italian original.

P. 5. The Beginning of an Apostolic Creed. The "Apostles' Creed" begins with some wonderful words whose meaning we seldom realize. If all might is really at the service of Fatherhood, if there is but one God and both earth and heaven are made and ruled by him, what follows by necessary implication? I have tried to answer this question. For "one is good," see Matt. 19:17.

P. 7. The Priest-King and his Host. Ps. 110:3, "in holy array" (Rev. Ver.) refers to the priestly garments. The idea that all God's people are to be priests appears as early as Ex. 19:6. See also Heb. 5:1. The picture of the mustering day, "the day of thy power," with its youthful

host revealed by the dawn, their numbers and purity rivaling the dew, is one of the most beautiful in the Psalter.

P. 8. Mount Hermon. See Matt. 16:13-18; 17:1. The "high mountain" was Hermon, whose snowy crest rises 9166 feet above the sea. At its foot is Cæsarea Philippi, built by Herod Philip. Near to the city, on the north, is the place where Pan was worshipped, and which was called the Paneion. From this the district got the name of Paneas, of which the modern name of Banias is a survival. There is a tradition that at the time of the Savior's passion the heathen oracles became dumb, and that a cry "Great Pan is dead" swept across the waves of the sea. Hence Mrs. Browning's noble poem, "The Dead Pan."

P. 10. A Hymn of Praise and Prayer. This paraphrase of the "Te Deum" is not offered as a substitute for the familiar Prayer-book translation, much less as an improvement; this would be intolerable presumption, for our English version is only second in noble eloquence to the Latin original, which was born of centuries of choral praise. Nevertheless its order of thought is one that no modern hymn-writer would naturally follow, and consequently those who are not familiar with it in their church services find it difficult to memorize. A slight rearrangement of material gives a balance of structure and a continuous line of thought, the first section presenting the praise of God by heaven and earth, the second reciting the work of Christ and the praise of his church, and the third voicing petitions that turn again to praise.—The original Latin can be found in various places, for one in Stead's "Hymns that have helped," p. 26. "The white-robed host" is a literal rendering of the "candidatus exercitus"



of the original. Incidental additions have been made from various Scriptural expressions: Rev. 7:12; Acts 2:36; John 5:27; Deut. 7:9.

P. 12. The Disciple Welcomes Discipline. Heb. 12:11; Phil. 3:8.

P. 17. The Emperor Moth. 1 Pet. 1:6; 1 Cor. 10:13 ("such as man can bear," Rev. Ver.); Luke 21:19 ("win," Rev. Ver.); Jas. 1:4; 1 Cor. 15:58; Jas. 5:11; Ps. 23:6.

P. 18. The Lake and the Star. Matt. 11:3; Heb. 10:37; Col. 2:10.

P. 23. Storm. Rev. 19:8; Luke 22:32.

P. 24. The Night also Is Thine. The first line is from Shakespeare's "Hamlet;" the later quotation is from Wordsworth's "Peele Castle." See Ps. 22:1; John 6:63; Rom. 10:6-8; Job 23:8-10; Job 13:15; Acts 17:23; Ps. 36:9; Is. 40:12.

P. 26. The Prince of the Power of the Air. Eph. 2:2; Ps. 139:10.

P. 28. The Greatest of These Is Love. Mark 12:30-31; 1 Cor. 13th ch.

P. 30. Immortal Love. Rom. 11:29; John 16:22.

P. 32. Oh that I Knew. Job. 23:3; 1 John 3:2; Song of Sol. 2:17; Rev. 22:5; 3 John, 14.

P. 34. The Pastor's Home Coming. These lines were read at the services connected with the unveiling in the church at Longmeadow, Mass., of a tablet in memory of Mr. Harding. It gives the dates of his pastorate, 1850 to 1891, and closes with a quotation from Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton: "So didst thou travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness." At the time of his sudden and painless death Mr. Harding was acting as a winter supply for a church in Florida. When the body reached Long-

meadow, it was tenderly and reverently received, a group of representative citizens, both Protestant and Catholic, escorting it to his home. The occasion was profoundly impressive, never to be forgotten by those who had part in it.

P. 36. De Mortuis Bonum. The Latin proverb "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" means "Of the dead say nothing but good." Dr. Woodbridge was a professor in Williams College, a practising physician in Williamstown, and an active christian worker in all that region. The quotation in the last stanza is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," stanza XXX.

P. 38. In Memoriam. Job 1:21; Rom. 8:28; Heb. 11:27; Matt. 6:20; Luke 12:21; 1 Cor. 15:53; Ps. 90:17.

P. 45. What the Spirit Says. Eph. 1:23.

P. 46. I Will Give Thee Rest. Matt. 11:28; Eph. 2:12.

P. 47. The Wind Was Contrary. Mark 6:45-48; John 6:21.

P. 48. A Threefold Cord. Ecc. 4:12; Mark 9:23 (If thou canst! Rev. Ver.) Phil. 4:19; Gal. 6:14.

P. 49. Thou Knowest that I Love Thee. John 21:17; Heb. 10:7; Phil. 4:12; Jude 1 ("kept," Rev. Ver.)

P. 50. To Live Is Christ. Phil. 1:21; John 2:15; Matt. 21:13; Phil. 1:23; Luke 3:22.

P. 51. Raphael's Transfiguration. Mark, 9th ch.

P. 59. Beauty and Duty. 1 Cor. 3:22; Phil. 3:14.

P. 61. Optimum Optimo. The best to the best; an elliptical expression for "Let me give my best to him who is the Best."

P. 62. What Is that to Thee? John 21:22.

P. 64. My Beloved Is Mine. Song of Sol. 2:16; Eph. 1:21; John 12:32; John 1:29; Matt. 26:58; 2 Cor. 3:18; John 1:14; Ezek. 18:4; Matt. 18:10-14.

P. 66. His Way Is Perfect. Ps. 18:30, 32; John 15:5; Ps. 106:15.

P. 68. God's Tomorrow. Prov. 27:1; Ps. 23:5; Matt. 28:20.

P. 70. Wait my Soul. Ps. 37:34; 2 Cor. 12:9; Rom. 8:32.

P. 72. Fear. Mark 5:1-15; Amos 4:12.

P. 73. Accepted in the Beloved. Eph. 1:6; Is. 40:31; Gen. 32:26.

P. 74. A Cheerful Giver. Acts 27:25; 2 Cor. 9:7; John 10:17.

P. 76. At that Day. These verses were suggested by the chorus of "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," and are written for its music, following it into the minor cadence of the third stanza. Is. 17:7; Deut. 33:25; Ps. 18:30; Gal. 2:20; Phil. 1:21; 1 Cor. 15:31; Gal. 6:14, 17.

P. 78. If Any Man Thirst. John 7:37; 1 Pet. 1:22.

P. 81. Entering into Rest. Heb. 4:10.

P. 82. A Morning Prayer. This seeks "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind," 2 Tim. 1:7. See also Ps. 51:6, 10; Ex. 33:18; 1 Cor. 6:20.

P. 83. An Evening Prayer. Matt. 23:19; 2 Chron. 7:1; Ezek. 16:8; Ps. 121:4; Ps. 31:5; Ps. 127:2.

P. 85. An Altered Stanza. Our age is positive rather than negative, and believes in praising the beauty of holiness rather than dwelling on the horrors of sin. This closing stanza of "A charge to keep I have," with its last words, "I shall forever die," has certainly interfered with the use of a hymn which in every other way is admirable.

It is not a question of the verse being scriptural; that it evidently is, for the hymn was suggested by Lev. 8:35, with its threat of death for unfaithfulness. But such a warning does not make this generation feel like singing. For use in worship and praise it is obviously better that the hymn should close with the thought of life, as found for example in Deut. 32:46,47.

Pp. 86-87. Service in Fisk University made me very familiar with the negro "spirituals" or "Jubilee songs"; and, as is the case with every one under similar circumstances, they made a deep impression on me. These two pages are not offered as imitations, for their songs are really inimitable by one of another race; but rather as echoes from an experience which I shall always value highly. The first presents the view which was in Paul's mind when he said of the Roman Christians, "All seek their own, not the things of Christ," Phil. 2:21. The second gives the optimistic note which was much more characteristic of the great apostle: "He must reign till he hath put all his enemies under his feet," 1 Cor. 15:25. See also Rev. 11:15. Luke 18:8.

P. 92. Dying Daily. 1 Cor. 15:31. Bryant's Thanatopsis is a noble poem, but it moves in the sphere of natural religion, and its close is especially unsatisfying. Has not the Christian a better hope than that of lying "down to pleasant dreams"? Is he not "going home?"

P. 94. Paul Writes Finis. Acts 20:24; 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

## EPILOGUE

BORROWED FROM JOHN BUNYAN.

When at the first I took my pen in hand  
Thus for to write, I did not understand  
That I at all should make a little book  
By such a mode . . . . .  
Thus I set pen to paper with delight,  
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white,  
. . . . . Until it came at last to be  
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.  
. . . . .  
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not  
what,  
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,  
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,  
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.





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